

THE LETTERING OF HYMNOVS BLOOD IN THE MEAD-VINE.

VYVIANUS MELVILLE LONDON
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Григорий Ефимов

TO THE GENTLE- MEN READERS.

H
V
mours, is late crown'd king of Canaleeres,
Fantastique-follies, grac'd with commenfaulour:
Civilitie, hath serued oure his yeeres,
And scornereth now to waight en Good-behanour.
Gallants, like Richard the usurper, swagger,
That had his hand continuall on his dagger.

Fashions is still consort with new fond shapes,
And feedeth dayly upon strange disguises:
We shew our selves the imitating Apes
Of all the toyes that Strangers heades denye,
For ther's no babie o' hell-hatched fime,
That we delight not to be clothed in.

Some sware, as though they Stars from heauen could pull,
And all their speach is poyncted with the stabb,
When all men know it is some coward gull,
That is but champion to a Shorditch drabber:
Whose feather is his heades lighnes-proclaymer,
Although he securse some mightie monster ramer.

A 2.

Epi-

To the Gentlemen Readers.

Epicurisme, cares not how he lives,
But still pursueth brutish Appetite.
Disdaine, regardes not what abuse he gines;
Carelesse of wronges, and unregarding right.
Selfe-loue, (they say) to selfe-concete is wed,
By which base march are ugly vices bred.

Pride, reuels like the roysting Prodigall,
Stretching his credite that his purse strooke cracke,
Untill in some distresfull Layle he falle,
Which wore of late a Lordship on his backe:
Where he till death must lie for debt,
"Griefes night is neare, when pleasures sunne is set,

Vaunting, hath got a mightie thundring voyce,
Looking that all men should applaude his sounde:
His deedes are singuler, his werdes be choyses,
On earth his equall is not to be founde.
Thus Vertu's hid with Follies iuggling mist,
And hee's no man, that is no Humourist.

S. R.

A. S. in ed. 1611

TO POETS.

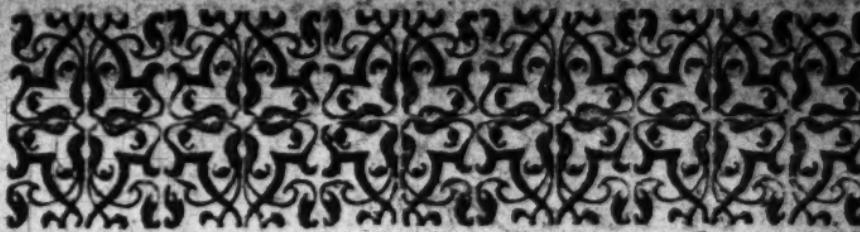
Good honest Poets, let me crave a boone,
That you would write, I do not see how soone,
Against the bastard humours honyerly bred,
In every mad brain'd wit-Worne giddie heads
At such grosse follies do not sit and wincke,
Belabour these same Gullies with pen and incke.
I can see some struge for faire hand-writing fame,
As Peeter Bales his signe can proue the same,
Gracing his credite with a golden Pen:
I would haue Poets proue more tallermens:
In perfect Letters resteth his contention,
But yours consist's in Wits choycerare invention.
Will you stand spending your inuention's treasure,
To teach Stage parrats speake for pennie pleasure,
While you your selues like musick sounding Lutes
Fretted and strunge, gaine them their silken sutes.
Leane Cupids cur, Womens face flut'ring praise,
Loves subiect growes too thredbare now adayes.
Change Venus Swannes, to write of Vulcans Geese,
And you shall merite Golden Pennes a pece.

P. B. by
writing
won a
golden
Penne.

FINIS.

A 3.

Mirth pleaseth some; to others it's offence:
Some wish t' haue follies tolde; some dislike that:
Some commend plaine conceites, some profound sence
And most would haue, themselues know not what.
Then he that would please all, and him selfe too,
Takes more in hand, then he is like to doo.



EPIGRAMS.

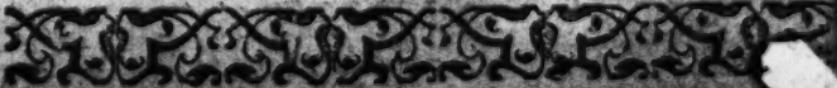
EPIG. I.

Monsieur Domingo is a skilfull man,
For much experience he hath lately got,
Prouing more Phisick in an Alehouse car
Then may be found in any Vintners pot.
Beere he protestes is sodden and refin'd,
But this he speakes being single penny lynn'd.

For when his purse is swolne dut six-pence bigg
Why then he sweares; now by the Lorde I think
All Beere in Europe is not worth a figge,
A cuppe of Claret is the onely drinke.
And thus his praise from Beere to Wine doth go
Even as his Purse in pence doth ebbe and flowe.

A.

T



EPIGRAMS.

EPIG. 2. BOREAS.

I ang him base gull; Ile stabbe him by the Lord,
If he presume to speake but halfe a word:
I paunch the villaine with my Rapiers poynct,
Or heaw him with my Fauchion ioynt by ioynt,
Through both his cheeks my Poniard he shal haue
Or Mince-pie-like Ile mangle out the slave.
Speke who I am, you whorlon frise-gowne patch'd?
all me before the Counstable, or Watch?
Annot a Captaine walke the Queenes high-way?
vones, who de speake to? know ye villains, ha?
ou drunken pestlants, run's your tonges on wheeles?
ong you to see your guttes about your heeles?
oest loue me Tym? let go my Rapiers then,
or swade me not from killing nine or ten;
are no more to kill them in brauado,
hen for to drinke a pipe of Trinedado.
ly minde to patience never will restore-me,
ntill their blood do gush in stremes before-me,
hus doth Sir Launcelot in his drunken stagger,
weare, curie, & raile, threaten, protest, & twagger
nt being next day to sober answere brought,
e's not the man can breede so bale a thought.

When

EPIGRAMS.

EPIG. 3.

When *Thraso* meets his friend, he sweares by God,
Vnto his Chamber he shall welcome be:
Not that hee'le cloy him there with rost or sod,
Such vulgar diet with Cookes shops agree:
But hee'le present most kinde, exceeding franke,
The best *Tabacco*, that he euer dranke.

Such as himselfe did make a voyage for,
And with his owne hands gatherd from the ground
All that which other fetch he doth abhor,
His, grew vpon an Iland never found,
Oh rare compound, a dying horse to choke,
Of *English* ficer, and of *India* smoke.

W.L.



EPIGRAMS.

EPIG. 4.

Who seekes to please all men each way,
And not himselfe offendc,
He may begin his worke to day,
But God knowes when hee'le end.

Alas



EPIGRAMS.

EPIG. 5.

Alas *Delfridus* keepes his bed God knowes,
Which is a signe his worship's verie ill;
His griece beyond the grounds of Phisicke goes,
No Doctor that comes neere it with his skill,
Yet doth he eate,drinke,talke, and sleepe profoun
Seeming to all mens judgments healthfull found.

Then gesse the cause he thus to bed is drawne,
What thinke you so; may such a hap procure it?
Well;faith tis true,his hose are out at pawn,
A Breetchlesse chaunce is come,he must indure it
His hose to Brokers Layle committed are,
His singuler, and onely, Vcluet paire.



EPIGRAMS.

EPIG. 6.

ingines one day through *Athens* went,
With burning Torch in Sun-shine : his intent
Was (as he said) some honest man to finde:
Or such were rare to meete, or he was blinde.
The late, might haue done wel like light t'haue got
that sought his wife; met her, and knew her not:
But stay, cry mercy, she had on her maske,
How could his eyes performe their spying taskes?
Is verie true, t'was hard for him to doo,
By Sunne, and Torch; let him take Lant-horne too.



Speake



EPIGRAMS.

EPIG. 7.

Speake Gentlemen, what shall we do to day?
Drinke some braue health vpon the Dutch carous
Or shall we to the *Globe* and see a Play?
Or visit *Shorditch* for a bawdie house?
Lets call for Cardes or Dice, and haue a Game,
To sit thus idle, is both sinne and shame,

This speakes *Sir Renell*, furnisht out with fashion,
From dish-crownd Hat, vnto the Shoo's square to
That haunts a Whore-house but for recreation,
Playes but at Dice to connycatch or so.
Drinkes drunke in kindnes, for good fellowship.
Or to Play goes but some Purse to nip.

Six



EPIGRAMS.

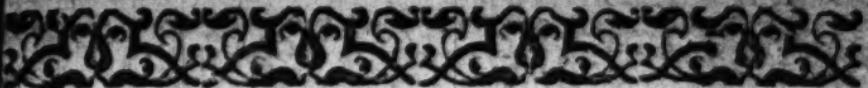
EPIG. 8.

Sir gall-Iade, is a Horse man e'ry day,
His Bootes and Spurres and Legges do never part;
He rides a horse as passing cleane away,
As any that goes Tyburne-warde by cart.
Yet honestly he payes for hacknyes hyer,
But hang them lades, he sell's them when they tire,

He liues not like Diogines on Rootes,
But proues a Mince-pie guest vnto his Host.
He scornes to walke in Paules without his Bootes,
And scores his diet on the Vitlers post:
And when he knowes not where to haue his dinner
He fastes, and sweares, A glutton is a sinner.

This





EPIGRAMS.

EPIG. 9. Drndo.

This Gentleman hath serued long in France,
And is returned filthy full of French,
In single combat, being hurt by chaunce,
As he was closely foyling at a Wench:
Yet hot alarmes he hath endur'd good store,
But never in like pockie heate before.

He had no sooner drawne and ventred ny-her,
Intending only but to haue a bout,
When she his Flaske and Touch-boxe set on fier,
And till this hower the burning is not out.
Judge, was not valour in this Martiall wight,
That with a spit-fir Serpent so curst fight.

Faych



EPIGRAMS.

FIG. 10. *In Meritatem.*

Fayth Gentleman, you moue me to offence.
In comming to me with vnchast pretence,
Hauē I the lookes of a lasciuious Dame?
That you should deeeme me fit for wantons game
I am not she will take lustes sinne vpon her,
We rather die, then dimme chaste glorious honor.
Tempt not mine eares; an grace of Christ I mean
To keepe my honest reputation cleane:
My hearing lets no such lewd sound come in,
My senses loath to surfeit on sweet sinne,
Reuerse your minde, that goes from grace astray,
And God forgiue you, with my hart I pray.
The Gallant notes her words, obserues her frown
Then drawes his purse, & lets her view his crown
Vowing that if her kindnes graunt him pleasure,
She shall be Mistris to command his treasure.
The stormes are calm'd, the gust is ouer-blowne,
And she replies with: *Yours or not her owne.*
Desiring him to censure for the best,
Twa's but her tricke to try if men do icest:
Her loue is lock'd where he may picke the trunck,
Let Singor judge if this be not a puncke.

Dollo

EPIGRAMS.

EPIG. II.

Politique Peeter meetes his friend a shore,
That came from Seas but newly tother day:
And giues him French embracments by the score
Then folowes: Dicke, Hast made good voyage, say?
But hearing Richards shares be poore and sicke,
Peeter ha's halte, and cannot drinke with Dicks.

Well, then he meetes an other Caualeere,
Whom he salutes about the Knees and Thighes:
welcome sweet James, now by the Lord what cheere
Ne're better Peeter, We haue got rich prize.
Come, come (sayes Peeter) eu'en a welcome quart,
For by my sayth, weele drinke before wee part:

Or thus:

Fayth-we must drinke, that's flat, before we part.

B.

Fine

EPIGRAMS.

EP LG. 12.

Fine *Phillip* comes vnto the Barbers shopp,
Wheer's nittie lockes must suffer reformation.
The Chayre and Cushion entertaine his floppe:
The Barber craves to know his worships fashion.
His will is shauen; for his beard is thin,
It was so lately banish'd from his chinne.

But, shauing oft will helpe it, he doth hope,
And therefore for the smooth-face cut he calles:
Then, sic; these cloathes are washt with common
Why dost thou vse such ordinary balles? (sope.
I scorne this common trimming like a Boore,
Yet with his hart he loues a common whoore.

Sig.

EPIGRAMS.

EPIG. 13.

Siguer Fantasliche.

I scorne to meete an enemie in fielde,
Except he be a Souldier : (by this light)
I likewise scorne, my reason for to yeilde:
Yea further, I do well nigh scorne to fight,
Moreouer, I do scorne to be so vaine,
To draw my Rapier, and put vp againe.

I eke do scorne to walke without my man,
Yea, and I scorne good morrow and good deane:
I also scorne to touch an Ale-house cann,
Thereto I scorne an ordinarie Queane.
Thus doth he scorne, disdainfull, proude, and grim,
All but the Foole onely, he scornes not him,

EPIGRAMS.

EPIG. 14.

Some do account it golden lucke,
They may be Widdow-spred for mucke,
Boyes on whose chynnes no downe appeares,
Marry olde Croanes of threescore yeares:
But they are tooles to Widdowes cleane,
Let them take that which Maydes do leaue.

Amo

PIGRAMS.

EPIG. 15.

Amorous *Austm* spendes much Balletting,
In rimeing Letters, and loue Sonnetting. (her,
She that loues him, his Ynckehorne shall bepaint
And with all *Venus* tytles hee'le acquaint her:
Vowing she is a perfect Angell right,
When she by waight is many graines too light:
Nay all that do but touch her with the stome,
Will be depos'd that Angell she is none.
How can he proue her for an Angell then?
That proues her selfe a Diuell, tempting men,
And draweth many to the fierie pit,
Where they are burned for their en'tring it.
I know no cause wherefore he tearmes her so,
Unlesse he meanes shée's one of them below,
Where Lucifer, chiefe Prince doth domineere:
If she be such, then good my hartes stand cleere,
Come not within the compasse of her flight,
For such as do, are haunted with a spright.
This Angell is not noted by her winges,
But by her tayle, as full of prickes and stinges.
And know this lustblind Louer's vaine is led,
To prayse his Diuell, in an Angels sted.



EPIGRAMS.

EPIG. 16.

Gallus will haus no Barbour prune his beard,
Yet is his chin cleane shauen and vnh'ear'd.
How comes he trimmed, you may aske me than?
His Wenchess do it with their warming-pan.

When





EPIGRAMS.

EPIC. 17.

When *Caualero Rake-hell* is to rise
Out of his bed, he capers light and hedd.
Then wounds he swarest you arant where he cries
Why what's the cause that breakfast is not reddy?
Can men feede like *Camelions*, on the ayre?
This is the manner of his morning prayer.

Well, he swares on, vntill his breakfast comes,
And then with teeth he falles to worke a pace:
Leauing his boy a banquet all of crummes.
Dispatch you Roague: my Rapier, thats his grace.
So foorth he walkes, his stomacke must goe shifft,
To dinc and suppe abroad, by deed of guift.

EPIGRAMS.

EPIG. 18.

A wofull exclamation late I heard,
Wherewith *Tabacco* takers may be feard:
One at the poynt with pipe and leafe to part,
Did vow *Tabacco* worse then death's blacke dart:
And prou'd it thus. You know (quoth he) my friends
Death onely stabbes the hart, and so lite endes:
But this same poyson, steeped *India* weede,
In head, hart, lunges, doth soote & copwebs breed.
With that he gaip'd, and breath'd out such a smoke
That all the standers by were like to choke.

Cause

EPIGRAMS.

EPIG. 19.

Cacus would gladly drinke, but wants his purse,
Nay wanteth money, which is ten times worse.
For as he vowes himselfe, he hath not seene
In three dayes space the picture of the Queene.
Yet if he meeete a friend neare Tauerne signe,
Straight he intreats him take a pint of Wine:
For he will giue it, that he will, no nay.
What will he giue? the other leauue to pay.
He calleth: Boy, fill vs the other quart,
I will bestow it euuen with all my hart.
Then doth he diue into his floppes profound,
Where not a poore Port-cullice can be found.
Meane while his frind discharges all the Wine:
Stay, stay (quoth he) or well, next shalbe mine.

Franke



EPIGRAMS.

EPIG. 02.

Francke in name, and Francke by nature,
Frauncis is a most kind creature:
Her selfe hath suffered many a fall,
In striving how to please all.

Solo



EPIGRAMS.

EPIG. 21.

*S*o can proue, such as are drunke by noone,
Are long-liu'd men; the pox he can as soone.
Nay, heare his reason ere you do condemne,
And if you finde it foolish, hisse and hemme.
He sayes, Good blood is euен the life of man;
I graunt him that: (say you) well go-to than.
More drinke, the more good blood. O thars a lie;
The more you drinke, the sooner drunke, say I.
Now he protestes you do him mightie wrong,
Swearing a man in drinke, is three men strong:
And he will pawne his head against a pennie,
One right madd drunke, wil brawle and fight with
Well, you reply: that argument is weake, - (anie.
How can a drunkard brawle, that cannot speake?
Or how can he vse weapon in his hand,
Which can not guide his feete to goe or stande?
Harke what an oath the drunken flauç doth sweare
He is a man by that, a man may heare.
And when you see him stagger, recle, and winke,
He is a man and more; I by this drinke.

When

EPIGRAMS.



EPIG. 22.

When signeur Sacke & Suger drinke droun'd reecles,
He vowds to heaw the spur's from's fellows heeles
When calling for a quart of Charnico,
Unto a louing league they present grow:
Then instantly vpon a cuppe or twaine,
Out Poniards goe, and to the stabbe againe,
rendes vpon that, they drinke and so imbrace:
straight bandy Daggers at each others face.
This is the humour of a madd drunke foole,
In Tauerne pots that keepes his Fencing-schole.

Cornutus

EPIGRAMS.

EPIG. 23.

Cornutus was exceeding sicke and ill,
Pain'd as it seemed chiefly in his hed:
He cal'd his friends, meaning to make his will,
Who found him drunke, with hose & shooes a bed
To whom he sayd: Oh good my Maisters see,
Drinke with his dart hath all be stabbed me.

I here bequeath, if I do chaunce to die,
To you kinde friendes, and *ben* companions all,
A pound of good Tabacco, sweete and dry,
To drinke amongst you, at my funerall:
Besides, a barrell of the best strong Beere,
And Pickle-herrings, for to domineere.

EPIGRAMS.

EPIG. 24.

We men,in many faultes abound,
But two in women can be found:
The worst that from their sex proceedes,
Is naught in wordes, and naught in deedes;

Bid

PIGRAMS.

PIG. 25.

Bid me go sleepe? I scorne it with my heeles,
I know my selfe as good a man as thee.
Let go mine Arme I say, lead him that reeles,
I am a right good fellow; doſt thou ſee?
I know what longes to drinking, and I can
abuſe my ſelfe as well as any man.

I care no more for twentie hundred pound,
(Before the Lord) then for a very straw.
He fight with any he aboue the ground.
Tut, tell not me whats what; I know the law.
Rapier and Dagger: hey, a kingly fight.
He now try falls with any, by this light.

Behold

EPIGRAMS.

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Rapier and Dagger: hey, a kingly fight.
Ile now try falls with any, by this light.

Behold

EPIGRAMS.

EPIG. 26.

Behold, a most accomplish'd Caualeere,
That the world's Ape of fashions doth appeare,
VValking the streetes, his humors to disclose,
In the French Doublet, and the Germane hose:
The Muffes cloake, Spanish Hat, Toledo blade,
Italian ruffe, a Shooe right Flemish made,
Like Lord of Misrule, where he comes he'e le reue
And lie for wagers with the lying'st duuell.

EPIGRAMS. Epig. 27.

Aske *Humors* why a Feather he doth weare?
It is his humor (by the Lord) heele sweare.
Or what he doth with such a Horse-taile lockes?
Or why vpon a Whoore he spendes his stockes?
He hath a Humor doth determine so.
Why in the stop-throate fashion doth he go,
With Scarfe about his necke? Hat without bands?
It is his humor, sweete sir vnderstand.
What cause his Purse is so extreame distrest,
That often times t'is scarcely penny blest?
Onely a Humor: If you question why?
His tongue is nere vnfurnish'd with a lye:
It is his Humor too he doth protest.
Or why with Serjants he is so opprest,
That like to Ghostes they haunt him erie day?
A rascall Humor, doth not loue to pay.
Obiect, why Bootes and Spurres are still in season?
His Humor answeres; Humor is his reason.
If you perceive his wittes in wetting shrunk,
It commeth of a humor, to be drunke.
When you behold his lookes pale, thin, and poore,
Th' occasion is, his Humor, and a Whoore:
And euery thing that he doth vndertake,
It is a vaine, for lencelesse Humors sake.

EPIGRAMS.

EPIG. 28.

Three high-way standers, hauing cros-lesse curse
Did greet my friend with, Sir giue vs your purse,
Though he were true-man, they agreed in one:
For purse & coyne betwixt them! oure was none

EPIGRAMS. 93

EPIC. 29.

A Gentlewoman of the dealing trade,
Procur'd her owne sweete Picture to be made:
Which being done, she from her card did slippe,
And would not pay full due for her workman shippe.
The Painter swore she neare haue it so,
She bade him keepe it, and he did go.
He chollerike, and mightie in content,
Straight tooke his Pencell and to worke he went
Making the Dogge she helde, a grim Cattes face,
And hung it in his shoppe to her disgrace,
Some of her friendes that saw it, to her went,
In iesting maner, asking what she ment,
To haue her picture hang where gazers swarne,
Holding a filthy Catte within her armes?
She in a shamefull heate in haste did hie,
The Painter to content and satisfie:
Right glad to giue a French Crowne for his paine
To turne her Catte into a Dogge againe.

C 2.

Whe

EPIGRAMS.

EPIG. 30.

When Tarlton clown'd it in a pleasant vaine
With conceites did good opinions gaine
Upon the stage, his incerry humours shope. (flop
Clownes knew the Clowne, by his great clownish
But now th'are gull'd, for present fashion sayes,
Dicks Tarltons part, Gentlemens breeches plaies:
In every streeete where any Gallant goes,
The swagg'ring Sloppe, is Tarlton's clownish hofe,



EPIGRAMS.

EPIG. 31.

To Lutins.

One newly practiz'd in *Astronomie*,
That never dealt in weather witt before?
Would scrape (forsooth) acquaintance of the skie.
And by his art, go knocke at heauen dore,
Meane while a Scholler in his studie slippes,
And taught his Wife skill in the Moones eclipses.

Next night that friend persuades him walke alone
Into the field, to gather starres that fell:
To mix them with Philosophers rare stome
That begets gold: he likt the motion well,
And went to watch where starres dropt very thin.

PIGRAMS. 193

EPIGRAMS. 193

What gallant's that whose oaths flie through mine
How like a lord of Pluton capte he swarcys, (earces)
How braue in such a baudis houfe he foughht,
How rich his empitie purle is outside wrought,
How Dutchman-like he swallows down his drinke
How sweete he takes Tnhacco till he stinkes
How lofite Iprized he diddaines a Boore,
How saythfull harted he is to a()
How cocke-taile proude he doth his head aduance
How rare his spurres doting the morris-daunce.
Now I protest, by Mistris Susans fanne,
He and his boy, will make a proper man.

Laugh

EPIGRAMS. Epig. 33.

Laugh good my Maisters, if you can intend it,
For yonder comes a Foole that will defend it:
Saw you a verier Ass in all your life,
That makes himselfe a pack-horse to his wife?
I would his nose where I could wish, were warme,
For carrying Pearle, so prettie vnder's arme.
Pearle his wiues dog, a pretty sweete-fac'd curte,
That barkes a nightes at the least fart doth sturre,
Is now not well, his cold is scarcely brooke,
Therefore good Husband wrap him in thy cloake:
And sweet hart, preethee helpe me to my Maske,
Hold Pearle but tender, for he hath the laske.
Heere, take my Muffe: & do you heare good man?
Now giue me Pearle, and carry you my Fanne.
Alacke poore Pearle, the wretch is full of paine,
Husband take Pearle, give me my Fanne againe:
See how he quakes; fayth I am like to weepe:
Come to me Pearle; my Scarfe good husband keepe
To be with me I know my Puppie loues.
Why Pearle, I say: Husband take vp my Gloues.
Thus goodman Idiot thinkes himselfe an Earle,
That he can please his wife, and carry Pearle:
But other iudge his state to be no higher,
Then a Dogges yeoman, or some pippin Squier.

What

EPIGRAMS.

EPIG. 34.

What's he that sits and takes a nappe,
Fac'd like the North wind of a mappes;
And sleeping, to the wind doth nod;
Tis Bacchus coosen, Bellic-god.

Senorus

EPIGRAMS.

EPIG. 33.

Senecus is extreme in eloquence,
In perfum'd wordes, plung'd ouer head and eares,
He doth create rare phrase, but rarer sence,
Fragments of Latine, all about he beares.
Vnto his Seruvingman, *alias* his Boy,
He vters speach exceeding quaint and coy.

Deminitiue, and my defective slauie,
Reach my corpes couerture immedietly:
My pleasures pleasure is, the same to haue,
T'insconce my person from frigiditie.
His man beleevues all's Welch, his Maister spoke,
Till he railes English: Roage go fetch my cloke,

Wh

EPIGRAMS.

EPIG. 36.

Why should the Mercers trade, a Satten suite,
With Cookes greate be so wickedly poluter?
The reason is, the scandall and defame
Grew, that a greacie Queen weares the same.

An

EPIGRAMS.

EPIG. 37.

An honest Vicker and a kind confort,
That to the Alehouse friendly would resort,
To haue a game at Tables now and than,
Or drinke his pot as loone as any man.
As faire a ganister, and as free from braull,
As euer man should need to play withall:
Because his hostesse plig'd him not carouse,
Rashly in choller did forsware her house.
Taking the glasse, this was the oath he swore,
Now by this drinke, he nere come hither more
But mightely his Hostesse did repent,
For all her guestes to the next Alehouse went,
Following their Vickers steps in euery thing,
He led the parish even by a string.
At length his auncient Hostelle did complaine,
She was vndone, vnlesse he came againe,
Desiring certaine friendes of hers and his,
To vse a pollecie, which should be this: (him,
Because with coming he should not forsware(him
To sauue his oath, they on their backes might bear
Of this good course the Vicker well did thinke,
And so they allwaies carried him to drinke.

FINIS.

Your Sceane is done, depart you Epigrammes:
Enter Goat-footed Satyres, butt like Rammes.
Come nimbly foorth, Why stand you on delay?
O ho, the Musique-tuning makes you stay.
Well, friske it out nimbly: you stanes begin,
For now methinkes the Fidlers handes are in.

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SATYRES.

WHO haue we here? Behold him and be mute,
Some mightie man Ile warrant by his sute.
If all the Mercers in Cheapside shew such,
Ile give them leaue to give me twice-as-much:
I thinke the stoffe is namelesse he doth weare,
But what so ere it be, it is huge geare.
Marke but his gate, and giue him then his due,
Some swagging fellow, I may say to you:
It seemes Ambition in his bigge lockes shroudes,
Some Centaure sure, begotten of the Cloudes,
Now a shame take the buzzard, is it he:
I know the ruffaine, now his face I see.
On a more gull the Sunne did neuer shine,
How with a vengeance comes the foole to fine?
Some Noblemans cast Sute is fallen vnto him,
For buying Hose and Doblet would vndo him.

But

SATYRES.

But wote you now, whither the buzard walkes?
I, into Paules forsooth, and there he talkes
Offorraine tumults, vitring his aduice,
And prouing Warres euен like a game at dice:
For this (sayes he) as every gamster knowes,
Where one side winnes, the other side must loo
Next speach he vitters, is his stomackes care,
Which ordinarie yeeldes the cheapest fare:
Or if his purse be out of tune to pay,
Then he remembers tis a fasting day:
And then he talketh much against excesse,
Swearing all other Nations eat farre lessie
Then Englishmen; experience you may get
In Fraunce and Spaine; where he was never yet.
With a score of Figges and halfe a pint of Wine,
Some fourre or five will very hugely dine.
Me thinkes this tale is very huge in sound,
That halfe a pint should serue fve to drinke roun
And twentie Figges could feed them full and fat:
But trauellers may lyce who knowes not that,
Then why not he, that travels in conceit,
From East so West, when he can get no meate?
His Iorney is in Paules in the backe Isles,

Wher

SATYRES.

Wher's stomacke counts each pace a hundred miles,
A tedious thing, though chaunce will have it such,
To traualle so long baylesse, sure tis much.
Some other time stumbling on wealthy Chuffes,
Worth galling : then he swaggers all in huffes,
And tels them of a prize he was at taking,
Wil be the ship-boyes childrens childrens making:
And that a Moule coulde finde no roome in holde,
It was so pesterd all with pearle and golde:
Vowing to pawne his head if it were tride,
They had more Rubies then wold paue Cheapsid
A thousand other grossle and odious lies,
He dares avouch to blind dull Iudgements eyes,
Not caring what he speake or what he sweare,
So he gaine credite at his hearers eare.
Sometimes into the Royall Exchange hee'lle droppe
Clad in the ruines of a Brokers shoppe:
And there his tongue runs byas on affaires,
No talke but of commodities and wareyn
And what great wealth he lookes for ery wind,
From God knowes where, the place is hard to find,
If newes be harkend for, then he preuailes,
Setting his mynt a worke to coyne false tales,

Hil

SATYRES.

Histongues-end is betipt with forged chat,
Vtrring rare lyes to be admired at,
Heele tell you of a tree that he doth know,
Vpon the which Rapiers and Daggers grow,
As good as Fleetstreere hath in any shoppe,
which being ripe, downe into scabbards droppe,
He hath a very peece of that same Chaire,
In which *Cesar* was stabb'd: Is it not rare?
He with his feete vpon the stoones did tread,
That *Sathan* brought, & bad *Christ* make the bres,
His wondrous trauels challenge such renoune,
That Sir *John Manduicell* is quite put downe.
Men without heades, and *Pigmies* hand-bredh hi
Those with one legge that on their backes do lie,
And do the weathers iniurie disdaie,
Making their legges a penthouse for the raine:
Are tur, and tush: not any thing at all.
His knowledge knowes, what no mans notice sh
This is a mate vnmeete for euery groome,
And wherc he comes, peace, giue his lyng roome.
He saw a *Hollander* in Middleborow,
As he was flasing of a browne Loafe thorow,
Wherc-to the haste of hunger had inclyn'd him,

SATYRES.

3

Cut himselfe through, & two that stood behind him
Besides, he saw a fellow put to death,
Could drinke a whole Beere barrell at a breath.
Oh this is he that will say any thing,
That to himselfe may any profit bring.
Gainst whosoeuer he doth speake he cares not,
For what is it that such a villaine dares not?
And though in conscience he cannot denie,
The All-commaunder saith, *Thou shalt not lie.*
Yet will he answere (carelesse of soules state)
Truth telling, is a thing obtaineth hate.

FINIS.

D.

almonds with sugar & cinnamon & cardamom
in water & boil down, remove and garnish with
sugar & cardamom. Yield 1/2 cupful per head.
A good dessert after the main course. It is
also good for a cold & for a sore throat. It is
also good for a cold & for a sore throat.

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SATYRE.

A Man may tell his friend his fault in kindness:
 To winke at folly, is a foolish blindnes.
 God save you sir, saluteth with a grace,
 One he could wish never to see his face.
 But doth not he vse meere disimulation,
 That's inside hate, and outside salutation?
 Yes as I take it; yet his answere sayes,
 Fashions, and Customes, vse it now a dayes.
A Gentleman perhaps may chaunce to meets
 His liuing-griper face to face in streete:
 And though his lookes are odious vnto sight;
 Yet will he doe him the French *congés* right,
 And in his hart wish him as low as hell,
 When in his wordes, hee's glad to see him well:
 Then being thus, a man may soone suppose
 There is, God save you sir, sometimes twixt foes.

D 2.

SATYRES.

Oh sir, why that's as true as you are heere,
With one example I will make it cleere,
And farre to fetch the same I will not goe,
But into *Heunds-ditch*, to the Brokers row:
Or any place where that trade doth remaine,
Whether at *Holborne Conduit*, or *Long-lane*:
If thyther you vouchsafe to turne your eye,
And see the Pawnes that vnder forsayre lye,
Which are foorth comming sir, and safe enough
Says good-man Broker, in his new print russe:
He will not stand too strictly on a day,
Encouraging the party to delay;
With all good wordes, the kindest may be spoke,
He turns the Gentleman out of his Cloake.
And yet betweene them both, at every meering,
God save you sir, is their familiar greeting,
This is much kindnesse sure, I pray commend him,
With great good words, he highly doth befrend him
It is a fauour at a pinch in neede:
A pinching friendship, and a pinching deede.
The flue may weare his suites of Sattin so,
And like a man of reputation go,
When all he hath in house, or on his backe,

It

SATYRES.

It is his owne, by forsaytures shipwracke.
See you the Brooch that long ins Hat hath bin?
It may be there, it cost him not a pint:
His sundry sorts of diuers mens attyre,
He weares them cheape, euē at his owne desire.
Shame ouer-take the pessant for his paine,
That he should pray on losses, to his gaine,
In drawing Wardrobēs vnder his subiection,
Being a knaue in manners and complexion,
Iumpe like to *Vjorie*, his nearest kinne;
That weares a money bagge vnder his chinne:
A bunch that doth resemble such a shape,
And hayred like to Paris garden Ape,
Foaming about the chaps like some wilde Boore,
As swart and tawnie as an *India Moore*:
With narrow brow, and Squirrell eyes, he shoues,
His faces chiefest ornament, is nose,
Full furished with many a Clarret staine,
As large as any Codpice of a *Dane*,
Embossed curious; euery ey doth iudge,
His jacket faced with motheaten Budge:
To which a paire of Satten sleeues he weares,
Wherin two pound of greace about he beates.

SATYRES.

His Spectacles do in a copper case,
Hang dangling about his pissing place.
His breeches and his hose, and all the rest
Are suitable: His gowne (I meane his best)
Is full of threeds, Intitul'd right threed-bare:
But wooll thereon is wondrous scant and rare.
The welting hath him in no charges stood,
Beeing the ruines of a cast French hood.
Excesse is sinfull, and he doth defie it,
A sparing whorson in attire and diet.
Only excesse is lawfull in his Chest,
For there he makes a golden Angels nest:
And vowes no farder to be found a lender,
Then that most pretious metall doth engender
Begetting dayly more and more encrease,
His monyes slauue, till wretched life surcease.
This is the Jew aliad very neere,
vnto the Broker, for they both do beare
Vndoubted testimonie of their kinne:
A brace of Rascals in a league of sinne.
Two filthy Curres that will on no man fawne,
Before they tast the sweetnesse of his pawne.
And then the slauves will be as kinde forsooth,

Not

SATYRES.

Not as *Kind-hart*, in drawing out a tooth;
For he doth ease the Patient of his paine,
But they disease the Borrower of his gaine.
Yet neither of them vse extremitie,
They can be villaines euen of charitie.
To lend our brother it is meete and fit:
Giue him rost meat and beat him with the spit,
Verie sure is requisite and good,
And so is Brokeage, rightly vnderstood:
But loſt a little, what is he fayes so?
One of the twaine (vpon my life) I know.

FINIS.

D 4

ВІДОМОСТІ

271

6

SA T L R E.

OH, let the Gentlewoman haue the wall,
 I know her well; tis Mistris, What d'ye call.
 It should be shee, both by her Maske and Fanne;
 And yet it should not, by her Scrusing-man;
 For if mine eyes do not mistake the foole,
 He is the Fisher of some dauncing Schole,
 The reason why I do him such suppose,
 Is this, Mee thinkes he daunceth as he goes.
 An active fellow, though he be but poore,
 Eyther to vault vpon a Horse, or &c.
 See you the huge bum Dagger at his backe,
 To which no Hilt nor Iron he doth lacke.
 Oh with that blade he keepes the queanes in awe,
 Brauely behacked, like a two-hand Saw.
 Stampes on the ground, & byteth both his thumbs
 Unless he be commender where he comes.

You

SATYRES.

You damned whores, where are you? quicke come
Dry this Tabacco. Fill a dozen of Beere: (heere,
Will you be briefe? or long you to be hang'd?
Hold, take this Match, go light it and be hang'd.
Where stay these whores when Gent. do call?
Heer's no attendaunce (by the Lord) at all.
Then downe the staires the pots in rage he throws
And in a damned vaine of swearing growes,
For he will challenge any vnder heau'n,
To sweare with him, and giue him sixe at seuen.
Oh, he is an accomplish'd Gentleman,
And many rare conceited knackes he cans
Which yeeld to him a greater store of gaine,
Then iuggling Kings, hey Passe, ledgerdemaine.
His witt's his lyuing: one of quaint deuice,
For Bowling-allies, Cockpits, Cardes, or Dice,
To those employtes he euer standes prepar'd:
A Villaine excellent at a Bum card.
The Knaue of Clubbes he any time can burne,
And finde him in his boosome, for his turne.
Tut, he hath Cardes for any kind of game,
Primero, Saunt, or whatsoeuer name;
Make him but dealer, all his fellowes sweares,

S A T Y R E S.

8

If you do finde good dealing, take his eares:
But come to Dice, why that's his onely trade,
Michell Mum-chance, his owne inuention made.
He hath a stocke, whereon his lyuing stayes,
And they are *Fuillans*, and *Bard quarter-trayes*:
His *Langrets*, with his *Hie men*, and his *low*,
Are ready what his pleasure is to throw:
His stopt Dice with *Quick-siluer* neuer misse.
He calles for, Come on fives, and there it is:
Or else heele have it with fise and a reach,
Although it cost his necke the Halter stretch.
Besides all this same kind of cheating art,
The Gentleman hath some good other part,
Well seene in *Magicke* and *Astrologie*,
Flinging a Figure wondrous handisomly,
Which if it do not misse, it sure doth hit:
Of troth the man hath great store of small witt.
And note him wheresoever that he goes,
His Booke of Characters is iu his hose.
His dinner he will not presuine to take,
Ere he aske counsell of an Almanacke.
Heele finde if one proove false vnto his wife,
Onely with Oxe blood, and a rustic knife.

H

S A I Y R E S.

He can transfeſme himſelfe vnto an Aſſe,
Shew you the Deuill in a Christall glasse:
The Deuill ſay you? why I, is that ſuch wonder?
Being conſortes, they will not be a ſunder.
Alcumie in his braines ſo ſure doth ſettle,
He can make golde of any copper kettle;
Within a three weekes ſpace or ſuch a thing,
Riches vpon the whole worlde he could bring.
But in his owne purſe one ſhall hardly ſpie it,
Vtneſſe his Hoſteſſe, for a twelue-moneths diet:
Vno would be glad of golde or ſilaer either,
But ſweares by chalke, & poſt, ſhe can get neither.
Aore, he will teach any to gaine their loue,
As thus (ſaies he) take me a Turtle Doue,
And in an Ouen let her lie and bake
So dry, that you may poulder of her makes
Vhich being put into a cup of wine,
The wenche that drinkes it will to loue incline:
And ſhall not ſleepe in quiet in her bed,
Till ſhe be eaſed of her mayden-head.
This is *probarm*, and it hath bin tride,
Or elſe the cunning man cunningly lide.
may be ſo, a lie is not ſo ſtrange,

Per

SATYRES.

Perhaps he spake it when the Moone did change
And thereupon (no doubt) th' occasion sprunge,
Vnconstant *Luna*, ouer rul'd his tongue.
Astronomers that traffique with the Skie,
By common censure sometimes meete the lie:
Although in deede their blame is not so much,
When Starres, & Plannets faile, & keepe not tutch.
And so this fellow with his large profession,
That endes his triall in a farre digression:
Philosophers bequeathed him their stone,
To make gold with, yet can his purse hold none.

FINIS.

18

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4.
SATIRE.

Melifluous, sweete Rose-watred eloquence,
Thou that hast hunted Barbarisme hence,
And taught the goodman Cobbin at his plow,
To be as eloquent as Talle now:
Who nominicates his Bread and Cheese a name,
(That doth vntruste the nature of the same)
His stomacke stayer. How dee like the phrasē
Are Plowmen simple fellowes now a dayes?
Not so my Maisters: What meanes Singē then?
And Pope the Cloune, to speake so Boorish, when
They counterfaite the clownes vpon the Stages
Since Countrey fellowes grow in this same age,
To be so quaint in their new printed speech,
That cloth will now compare with Velvet breech:
Let him discourse euē where, and when he dare,
Talke nere so Ynk-horne learnedly and rare,
Sweare Cloth breech is a pessant (by the Lord)

Threa.

SATYRES.

Threaten to draw his wrath-venger, his sworde:
Tush, Cloth-breech doth deride him with a laugh,
And lets him see Bone-baster, that's his staffe:
Then tels him brother, friend, or so foorth, heare ye,
Tis not your knitting-needle makes me feare ye.
If to ascencion you are so declinde,
I have a restytucion in my minde:
For though your beard do stand so fine mustated,
Perhaps your nose may be transfigurated.
Man, I dare challenge thee to throw the sledge,
To iumpe or leape ouer a ditch or hedge,
To wrastle, play a stooleball, or to runne,
To pitch the barre, or to shooce off a gunne,
To play at loggetts, nise holes, or ten pinnes,
To rie it out at foot-ball by the shinnes;
At Ticktacke, Irish, Noddic, Maw, and Ruffe:
At hot-cockles, leap-frogge, or blindman-buffe.
To drinke halfe pots, or deale at the whole canne:
To play at base, or pen-and Ynk-horne sir Ihan:
To daunce the Morris, play at barley-breake:
At all employtes a man can thinke or speake:
At shoue-groate, venter-poynt, or crosse and pyle.
Arbeshrow him that's last at yonder stile,

At

SATYRES.

11

At leaping ore a Midsommer bon-fier,
Or at the drawing Dun out of the myer:
At any of these, or all these presently,
Wagge but your finger, I am for you, I.
I scorne (that am a youngster of our towne)
To let a Bow-bell Cockney put me downe.
This is a Gallant farre beyond a Gull,
For very valour filleſ his pockets full.
Wit showers vpon him Wisedomes raine in plent:
For heele be hangd, if any man finde twenty
In all their parish, whatſoere they be,
Can ſhew a head ſo polleticke as he.
It was his fathers lucke of late to die
Unteſtateſ he about the Legacie
To London came, inquiring all about,
How he might finde a Cuall-villin out,
Being vnto a Cuall Lawyer ſent,
Pray Sir (quoth he) are you the man I meant?
That haue a certaine kind of occupation,
About dead men, that leauē things out of fashioſ
Death hath done that which c'anſweſ he's not ab
My father he is dyed detoſtable:
I being his eldeſt heire, he did prefer

E.

SATYRES.

Me Sir, to be his Executioner:
And verie briefly my request to finnish,
Pray how may I by law his goods diminish?
Was this a Clowne tell true, or was a none?
You make fatte Clowns, if such as he be ones.
A man may iweare, if he were vrg'd to it,
Foolisher fellowes, haue not so much wit.
Oh such as he, are euен the onely men,
Love letters in a Milke-maydes praise to pen:
Lines that will worke the curstest tullen shrow,
To loue a man whether she will or no.
Being most wonderous patheticall,
To make Cise out a cry in loue withall:
He scornes that maister Scholemaister shold think
He wants his aide in halfe a pen of ynke:
All that he doth it commeth every whir,
From natures dry-fat, his owne mother wit.

As thus:

Thou Honnyfuckle of the Hawthorne hedge,
Vouchsafe in Cupids cuppe n.y hart to pledge,
My hastes deare blood tweete Cis, as thy earouse,
Worth all the Ale in Gammer Gubbins house:
I say no more, affaires call me away,

My

SATYRES.

12

My Fathers horse for prouender doth stay,
Be thou the Lady *Crespit-light* to mee,
Sir *Trollelolle* I will proue to thee.
Written in haste : farewell my Cowslippe sweete,
Pray lets a Sunday at the Ale-house meeete,

FINIS.

E 2.

B



THE
BRITISH
MUSEUM



SATYRE.

Tis a bad world, the common speach doth go,
 And he complaines, that helps to make it so:
 Yet every man th' imputed crime would shunne,
 Hipocrisie with a fine threed is spunne.
 Each strives to shew the very best in seeming,
 Honest enough, if honest in esteeming.
 Praise waites vpon him now with much renoume
 That wrappes vp *Vices* vnder *Vertues* gowne:
 Commending with good wordes, religious deede
 To helpe the poore, supply our neighbours neede
 Do no man wrong, giue every man his owne,
 Be friend to all, and enemie to none;
 Haue charitie, auoyde contentious strife,
 Oft he speakes thus, that nere did good in's life,
 Derision hath an ore in every Boate,
 In's Neighbours eie he quickly spies a moate,

SAI YRES.

But the great beame that's noted in his owne,
He lets remaine, and never thinkes thereon.
Some do report he beares about a sacker,
Halfe hanging forwards, halfe behind st's backer:
And his owne faultes (quight out of sight & minde)
He castles into the part that hanges behinde:
But other mens, he puttech in before,
And into them, he looketh euermore.
Contempt comes very neere to th'others vaine,
He hates all good deserts with proud disdaine:
Reshnesse is his continuall walking mate,
Cordly apparrelld, loftie in his gate:
Up to the eares in double ruffes and startch,
God blesse your eiesight when you see him march:
Statutes, and lawes, he dare presume to breake,
Against superiors cares not what he speake.
In his humours recreation fittes,
To heate Counstables, and resist all writtes,
Wearing the ripest wits are childish young;
Blesse they gaine instructions from his tongue,
Hers nothing done amongst the very best,
But he'lle deride it with some bitter iest.
His meate and drinke vnto him alwayes, when

He

SATYRES.

14

He may be censuring of other men.

If a man do but toward a Tauerne looke,

He is a drunkard heele sware on a Booke;

Or if one part a fray of good intention,

He is a quarreller, and loues dissencion.

Those that with silence vaine discourses breake,

Are proud fantasticks, that disdaine to speake.

Such as speake soberly with wisedomes leature,

Are fooles, that in affected speech take pleasure,

If he heare any that reproach vice,

He sayes, thers none but hypocrites so nice.

No honest woman that can passe along,

But must endure some scandall from his tongue.

She, deales crosse blowes her husband never feeles:

This Gentlewoman, weareth capering heeles.

There minces Mall, to see what youth wil like her,

Her eyes do beare her witnesse she's a striker.

Yonders a wench, new dipt in beauties blaze,

She, is a Maide as Maides go now adayes.

And thus *Contempt* makes choisest recreation,

In holding every one in detestation;

His common gate is of the ietting size,

He hath a paire of euer-staring eyes,

SH

E.4.

And

SAIYRES.

And lookes a man so hungry in the face,
As he would eat him vp, and neare say grace.
A little lowerdround Hatte he alwayes weares,
And Fore-horse-like therein a Feather beares.
Goodly curld lockes; but surely tis great pity,
For want of kembing, they are beastly nitty.
His habiter is a cut cast Satten one, (none
He hormones to buy new now, that nere bought
Spotted in diuers places with pure fat,
Knowne for a right tall trencher man by that.
His Breeches that came to him by befrending,
Are desperate like himselfe, & quite past mending
He takes a common course to goe vntrust,
Except his Shirt's a washing; then he must
Goe woollward for the time : hee scornes it nec,
That worth two Shirts his Laundrelle should him
The weapons that his humors do efford, (see
Is Bum-dagger, and basket hilted Sword.
And these in euery Bawdie house are drawne
Twice in a day, vnlesse they be at pawne.
If any fall together by the eares,
To field cries he; why? zownes (to field) he sweares
Shew your selues men:hey, flash it out with blowes

Let

SATYRES.

15

Let won make tothers guts garter his hose,
Make Steele and Lion vmpiers to the Fray,
You shall haue me goe with, to see faire play:
Let mee alone, for I will haue a care
To see that one do kill the other faire.
This is *Contempt*, that's every ones disdayner,
The strife pursuer, and the peace refraynem
Hates thunderbolt, damn'd *Murders larum-bell*,
A neare deare Kinsman to the Duell of holl
And he whom *Sathan* to this humor brings,
Is no'z aly man for all detested thinges.

FINIS.

2. 1142.

choisimus et
notus huiusmodi.
et quodcumque
est in libro
debet esse
in libro de
notis huiusmodi.
et hoc est
quod dicitur
in libro de
notis huiusmodi.
et hoc est
quod dicitur
in libro de
notis huiusmodi.
et hoc est
quod dicitur
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notis huiusmodi.
et hoc est
quod dicitur
in libro de
notis huiusmodi.

2. 1143.

1
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9

SATYRE.

Tom's no good fellow, nor no honest man:

Hang him, he wold not pledge *Ralfe halse a can*
 But if a friend may speake as he doth thinke,
Will is a right good fellow, by this drinke:
 Oh *William, William*, th'art as kind a youth,
 As euer I was drunke with, th'ts the trueth.
Tom is no more like thee, then Chalks like Cheeze
 To pledge a health, or to drinke vp se freeze:
 Fill him his Beaker, he will never flinch,
 To give a full quart pot the empie pinch.
 Heele looke vnto your water well enough,
 And hath an eye that no man leaues a snuffe.
*A pox of peecemeal drinking (*William sayes*)*
 Play it away, weeke haue no stoppes and stayes,
 Blowne drinke is odious, what man can disiel it,
 No faythfull drunkard, but he doth detest it.

SATYRES.

I hate halfe this, out with it, and an end,
He is a buzard will not pledge his friend, (closed
But standes as though his drinke's malt-sacke were
with, *Heer's t'ye Sir, against you are dispo'ed?*
How say my friend, an may I be so bold,
Blowing on's Beere like broth to make it cold,
Keeping the full glasse till it stand and sower,
Drinking but after halfe a mile an hower,
Unworthy to make one, or gaine a place.
Where *boone* companions gage the pots apace.
A mans a man, and therewithall an ende,
Good fellowship was bred and borne to spende,
No man ere saw a pound o' sorrow yet,
Could be allowd to pay an ounce of debt.
We may be here to day, and gone to morrow.
Call mee for sixe pots more: come on, hang sorrow
Tut, lacke another day? Why, tis all one,
When we are dead, then all the world is gone.
Begin to me good *Nea*: What? hast gon right?
Is it the same that tickeld mee last night?
We gaue the Brewers Diet-drinke a wiper:
Braue *Malt-Tabacco* in a quart pot-pipe,
It neyld mee, and did my braines insprie,

I haue

SATYRES.

I haue forsworne your drinking smoake and fier: -
Out vpon *Cane* and *leafe Tabacco* imēil:
Diuells take home your drinke. keepe it in hell.
Casowrie in Cannons *Trinidad* smoake,
Drinke healths to one another till you choake,
And let the *Indians* pledge you till they sweate,
Give me the element that drowneth heate:
Strong ioddēn Water is a vertuous thing,
It makes one sweare, and swagger like a King,
And hath more hidden *Vertue* then you thinke,
For hee maintaine, good liquor's meate and drinke:
Nay, hee goe further with you, for in troth,
It is as good as meate, and drinke, and cloth;
For he that is in Malt-mans Hall in tolde,
Cares not a poynt for hunger nor for colde.
It it be cold, he drinketh till he sweate,
If it be hot, he drinke to lay the heate:
So that how ere it be cold or hot,
To pretious vse he doth apply the pot:
And will approuē it Phisically sound,
It it be drunke vpon the *Danish* round:
Or taken with a Pickle-herring or two,
As Flemmings at Saint *Katherines* vse to do:

Whic

SATYRES.

Which fish hath vertue, eaten salt and raw,
To pull drinke to it, euen as leate doth straw.
Oh tis a very Whetstone to the braine,
A march-beere shewer that puts downe April raine
It makes a man actiuе to leape and spring,
To daunce and vault, to cartowle and to sing:
For all employtes it doth a man inable,
T'out leape mens heades, and caper ore the table,
To burne Sacke with a candle till he reeles,
And then to trip-vp his companions heeles.
To sing like the great Organ pipe in *Poules*,
And censure all men vnder his controules.
Against all commers ready to maintaine,
That deepest wit is in a drunken braine.
I marry is it; that it is he knowes it,
And by this drinke, at all times will depose it,
He sayes, that day is to a minute shrunke,
In which he makes not some good fellow drunke:
As for nine worthies on his Hostes walk,
He knowes three worthy drunkards passe them all
The first of them in many a Tauerne tride,
At last subdued by *Aquaurea*, dide.
His second Worthies date was brought to fine,

Fea-

S A T Y R E S.

14

Feasting with Oysters and braue Rennish wine,
The third, whom divers Dutchmen held full deare,
Was stabb'd by pickeld Hearings & strong Beere.
Well, happy is the man doth rightly know,
The vertue of three cuppes of *Chanois*:
Being taken fasting, 't' only cure for Flegme,
It worketh wonders on the braine, extreme.
A pottle of wine at morning, or at night,
Drunke with an Apple, is in fleyed right
To rince the Liver, and to purifie
A dead sicke Hart from all infirmitie.

FINIS.

End